

THE REPOSITORY,

AND

Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

VOL. VI.]

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[No. 3.

The price of this paper is 6½ cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 dollars a year to those who pay in advance. Subscribers who adopt the latter mode of payment, shall be entitled to have their volume elegantly *extra* half-bound, *gratis*.—Subscribers residing at a distance, either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person, in this city, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

To the Editor of the Repository.

Mr. Editor,

I take the liberty to enclose you some remarks on the vile custom of Profane Swearing, from the Utica Patriot. I hope you will not refuse them a place in your miscellany, which, if you please, may become still more useful and amusing, than its first appearance promised. Your devotion to the gay, should not make you deaf to the voice of the Moralist. With my best wishes for your welfare, and the success of your paper, I remain yours, &c. &c.

A CLERGYMAN.

PROFANE Swearing is a vice almost as common as it is wicked. The reason why it is so, proceeds from inattention to this crime. By those, who make use of it in a dispassionate moment, it is urged, by way of apology, that they mean no harm—On the contrary, should it proceed from anger—that resentment is kindled at the heart, and might as well be heard publicly as suppressed. By some, lessons on this subject, in your paper, will be read with as much indifference as the name of the Deity is by them profaned; and this is a reason given by many when they have expressed a doubt with respect to the propriety of publishing them in a common newspaper. For myself, I believe they are useful; and were more of them seen from the press, it would become a greater blessing to mankind.

To those who have grown to adult years, not to mention grey hairs, this vice has become familiar from habit, and here it remains until attention to its hideous colours be arrested. You attack a profane man for his wicked language, and what is usually the reply? ‘It is a foolish practice, it had better be let alone.’ These words are all you get for an answer, and they are commonly uttered with a degree of apathy, as if to mock a gentle reprimand. When really awake to the danger of profane swearing—no more will be heard of its being a ‘foolish practice’—but that it is, in truth, a crime against the Majesty of Heaven, to whom every man is responsible for his words, and who hath said, ‘thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.’ When we shall hear less of this

language in our streets, I will not predict; but hear it we shall, until the parent has quitted it. When this point is gained, while under his immediate care, you may look for a speedy reformation in the child. You are a parent, can you daily hear your child profane the name of the Deity, without hinting a single reproof? Unmoved by all those parental feelings, which you would blush to disown, can you hear him make use of such horrid imprecations, without pointing him to the *third commandment*? Unawed by the awful mandate of the God of Nature, and so far lost to reason, can you withhold your admonition? Yes, sir, *reason*—(as for Religion, it may pass with you as an idle tale)—but there is another thing with which you have to deal—these are *reason* and *conscience*: if debarred an audience now, they will ere long call on you whether you will or nay—but not in whispers of peace.

The welfare of society materially depend on family government; if the child be disobedient to the instructions of its parent, the probability is, it will be equally so to the laws of the state. The incorrigible temper of children at home, will appear equally unrestrained abroad. Vain is the wish of that parent, who, inattentive to the morals of his child, when in his presence, expects to hear of him a respectable character when out of his sight. No sooner do children begin to talk, than they feel a propensity to assume the reins of government. This period of life should be watched with unremitting diligence, as it tends to form their future character. This moment neglected, and they gradually become their own masters. Let human depravity be pictured in its blackest colourings, yet such is *reason* in the bud, or an increasing knowledge of right and wrong in human actions, as to afford to a parent the most pleasing hope that his exertions are not lost. In the same proportion as the mind expands, the passions grow stronger—the will becomes more inflexible—habits more confirmed. Is there a man who will deny these plain truths? Yet it is not uncommon for parents to urge as an apology for irrational indulgence in their children, that, when grown to maturer years, they will be ashamed of it. Language like this will do for a man when deprived of his senses, but it is too insipid for him to utter them when in his right mind. In infancy, when the mind is tender, and yielding to any impression which the force of habit and example may give, how important is it that the sacred name of the Deity should be inculcated with all that veneration and awe which it demands! Were this more

frequent, we should hear less of this horrid language from those who know better—and particularly from children playing in our streets (in imitation of their superiors) and who scarcely know their right hand from their left.

[The Editor of the Repository, with much pleasure, complies with the request of his reverend friend, and hopes that the republication of the above essay may be the means of putting an end to the horrid custom of Profane Swearing. We should be glad to hear occasionally from our friend.]

HOME.

Expect not a story deck'd in the garb of Fancy—but look at Home.

CHAPTER I.

THE conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of Mrs Almorne, a lady, whose visits were always acceptable at Orville abbey, and whose company, at the present moment, was particularly agreeable.

She was welcomed with much pleasure by Sir John and Lady Orville, who, in her presence, soon forgot the unpleasant altercation in which they had been engaged.

After the first civilities had passed, Lady Orville inquired to what cause they were indebted for a visit from her, in weather, which, she knew, would make her come reluctantly abroad, on account of her servants and horses?

'I come, replied Mrs Almorne, at the desire of your eldest son, who is to meet me here; he brings Lord Woodford with him, and, I believe, they will remain some time.'

'You come very opportunely for us all, said Sir John, this vile weather had given my wife the vapours, which occasioned a fit of spleen in me, that was, I suspect, near giving Constantia a disgust to matrimony.'

'I should be very sorry for that, replied Mrs Almorne, for one of my errands here to-day, is to induce her to think of it.'

'I do not believe, returned Sir John, that she has ever thought of it very seriously.'

'That has often surprised me, said lady Orville; it is extraordinary that such a girl as she is, should have attained the age of twenty-one, without discovering the least partiality for any of the young men about her.'

'I am glad of it, rejoined Sir John; she will now be more capable of fixing her affections properly; and if we consult our own happiness alone, we can be in no haste to see her married.'

'We must consider her interest, said Lady Orville.... But pray, Madam, what has led you to think of her marrying?.... You have excited my curiosity.'

'I have no objection, answered Mrs Almorne, to gratify it even before Constantia, for she may suspect, tho' you may not, that Lord Woodford is the occasion of this visit. He has long had an affection for her, which her discouraging manner has prevented his declaring to herself; but he has now addressed himself to her brother, who is warmly interested for him, and has requested me to speak to Constantia in his favour. I had no hesitation in promising to do so; for I believe Lord W. to be extremely deserving, and his situation is certainly advantageous.'

'Lord Woodford is a young man, said lady Orville, whom it requires very little knowledge of to esteem, and his situation is undoubtedly one of the most flattering that any young woman can desire.'

'Nevertheless, said Sir John, Constantia must be left to act entirely as she thinks right; if she approves of him, I shall resign her with pleasure, for I believe him to be very amiable.'

'I know him to be amiable, replied lady Orville. Constantia, fastidious as she is, cannot offer a rational objection to him; yet you said something, madam, of her having discouraged him: is it so, Constantia? Have you any dislike to lord Woodford?'

None, answered Miss Orville.

Doy ou know any thing to his disadvantage?

Nothing.

Then why discourage him?....But perhaps he is mistaken: he is a lover, and may be diffident.

Let us leave him to find out the mistake if it be one, said Sir John; it is sufficient for us to let Constantia know, that we shall be pleased, whichever way she determines.

'I cannot, by any means say so; I do not wish to constrain her inclination, but should highly disapprove of her rejecting lord Woodford.'

'If you do not wish to constrain her inclination, do not attempt to influence her judgment; the mere expression of your wishes may bias her more than is proper.'

'Would you not then advise your daughter in so important a concern?'

'I should anxiously endeavour to dissuade her from a connection I thought unworthy of her; but never will attempt to bias her in favour of any one.'

'That is very extraordinary. But, in my opinion, it is your duty, not only to advise, but to exhort her in a point of which her inexperience of life makes it clearly impossible for her to be a competent judge.'

'Marriage, replied Sir John, is an act of such infinite importance, and, even when formed under the most auspicious circumstances, so precarious in the event, that I should hardly think myself justifiable in urging the marriage of any person whatever; but women particularly, having more evils to dread in wedlock, and fewer resources against domestic unhappiness than men, should never be impelled to it by the wishes of their friends.... Of all women, my daughter is the last I would advise to marry, lest the force of filial affection, or the weight of parental authority, should influence her conduct too powerfully.'

'You have very peculiar notions. I believe there is nothing more common than the exertion of parental authority in this particular; parents not only advise, but often compel their daughters to marry against their inclination.'

'The parents who do so, replied Sir John, deserve to forfeit the regard of their family; I have ever thought such conduct most unjustifiable tyranny.'

'Yet, observed Mrs Almorne, there are affectionate parents, who, from weakness of mind, or mistaken views, are guilty of such arbitrary conduct.'

'There are, returned Sir John, and it may happen that a daughter should sacrifice herself to the will of such

parents; but the sacrifice should, even then, be made from gratitude for previous care, and tenderness, not from respect to an authority so unjustly exercised.

'This is most dangerous doctrine,' said lady Orville, 'it would destroy all regard to parental power.'

'It would only limit it; and it ought to be limited, especially when a son or daughter ceases to be a minor.... What is the duty of children, lady Orville? Is it blind obedience?

'Certainly not; but there must always be a high degree of reverence and obedience due to the authors of our being.'

'Can it really be pretended, returned Sir John, that the merely giving birth to a child, lays it under any obligation? Can the parents, who desert their offspring, or treat them cruelly, have any claim in reason to their affection or obedience? It is chiefly by the conduct of parents to their children, that they become entitled to their dutiful respect..... But I have been led farther than I intended on this subject, which I began merely with the design of encouraging Constantia to act as she thinks fit.'

'In my opinion,' said lady O., 'your conversation has been calculated to mislead her extremely; she will fancy that inclination alone ought to guide her in the choice of a husband; and should she be so imprudent as to reject Lord Woodford, you will have much cause for self-reproach.'

'I trust,' said Mrs Almorne, 'who was desirous to interrupt the conversation, 'that Constantia will ever merit your approbation; and I hope she will soon give me an opportunity of fulfilling my promise to her brother, by representing the merit of Lord Woodford in a just point of view. In the mean time, Madam, will you permit me to try my fortune with you at backgammon? the table is set out, and I fancy I have interrupted the game.'

Lady Orville readily consented; Sir John resumed his book, and Constantia withdrew to consider at leisure how she should conduct herself towards Lord Woodford. She had no hesitation in resolving to refuse him, but she was anxious to do it in the manner, that would be least painful to him and to her mother; and to prevent, if possible, a contest with her brother, which she had reason to expect.

After much deliberation, she determined to leave to Mrs Almorne the task of reconciling her mother and brother to her resolution; and from her influence with her family, and affection for herself, she hoped to be extricated from her difficulties.

[To be Continued.]

THEATRICAL PHENOMENON.

(From a Belfast paper.)

THE young lady, whom we announced in our last, made her appearance in the character of Young Norval, on Wednesday night. A more extraordinary spectacle never was exhibited in any Theatre. Though the expectations of the public had been heightened far beyond what any past experience could warrant, her performance fully justified them, and even surpassed the most sanguine anticipations that could have been formed.

Before the curtain drew up, every part of the house was crowded, from curiosity, to hear her recite the Address written for the occasion, by master Romney Robinson. A child, not seven years old, reciting the verses of a boy of twelve, and exhibiting talents that would do credit to any age, inspired feelings of the most lively interest in every breast, and excited the most rapturous applause.

THE ADDRESS.

More news from Lilliput!—Yes, more, I own;
Though critics, fired with jealous anger, frown—
What, though th' indignant voice of age exclaim,
And proudly scorn my young attempts at fame;
And, while my longing eyes your smiles pursue,
Think I had better learn to—knit and sew;
Or, while my prattle your attention draws,
A Rod...would better tell your just applause!....
Shall infant Genius, then, in earliest bloom,
Expire by your irrevocable doom?
NO!...let the precious bud expanding smile,
And shed its influence o'er this favoured isle;
Here let it bloom once more—by heaven's command,
More precious than Golconda's golden sand;
And when the tragic scene unfolds its charms,
And Randolph's sorrow every breast alarms,
As mothers feel...as sisters fondly dear....
As brothers...hail your infant sister here.

And let not Prejudice despotic reign,
Or bind your senses in his rigorous chain;
But let proud judgment fancy's spells obey,
And 'midst her wilds, enthusiastic, stray;
Nor bind the wand'rer, with a stern command,
But raise young merit with a parent's hand.

Yours is the power to bid the infant mind
Soar with a flight, resistless, unconfin'd—
Unless your kind applause our bosom warms,
Mute is the Poet's strain—the Muse resigns her charms,
For I will tell you, (if you needs must know it,)
That I am prompted by a youthful Poet.

Her performance of the character of Young Norval, was such as to call forth the loudest bursts of acclamation, to excite the greatest astonishment, and to bid defiance to criticism, whether we consider her look, her emphasis, her gesture, her attitudes, or accurate expression of the author's meaning.

It may be conceived by those who were not present, or by strangers at a distance, that this unqualified praise has been elicited by a consideration of the young lady's infancy; but the audience who filled the theatre, among whom we observed many of the first respectability, will fully coincide with us in our opinion concerning the merit of this Theatrical Phenomenon. Nor let the world be credulous, but reflect that infidelity, with respect to the merits of Young Roscius, was universally prevalent, and that the evidence of their senses alone could convince the bulk of those, who admire him now, that a child may be born—a Genius.

* Alluding to the young Roscius, who commenced his theatrical career in Belfast.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. Slender,

Since the fashion came into vogue of young belles not being possessed of all the members of the human frame, which were owned by their grandmothers, many of our

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would-be beaux have committed intolerable blunders. In proof of this assertion, I will relate the following anecdote of an affair, which happened a few evenings since.

Last Christmas evening I was prevailed upon by a young gentleman to accompany him to a party, as he called it. You must know, Mr Slender, that I had never been at such a place, and, on that account, required many arguments to gain my consent; but that argument, which is paramount to all others, ‘that I should see a great many fine girls,’ completely silenced me, and I agreed to go with him.

We went to the place of rendezvous about seven, and were ushered into a room filled with young ladies. I made a bow as well as I could, and took a chair in the most remote and silent corner of the room, being rather bashful, or so, as a new hand naturally would be.

After looking at each other for some minutes, the boldest saying a few words, once in a while, ponds were proposed by a young lady, which seemed to inspire new life into every one, but my poor self, who am always afraid of committing some blunder or other, whenever I come in contact with a lady. After playing some time, a pond, which I had deposited, was held up to receive its doom. I trembled in every joint, and waited in dread till I was ordered to *form an arch*; at which I stood stock still, biting my thumb, till a gentleman, taking pity on my situation, showed me how. I was then forced to call out a young lady, take her by both hands, and stand in the middle of the floor; she then called a young gentleman, and so on, till all in the room were standing up. It was then asked ‘what should be done next?’ This question remained unanswered, till I, mustering up all my courage, told the ladies who stood next to me, that they should both go down on their knees—‘KNEES!’ exclaimed the enchanting Miss K.... and turned her beautiful sparkling eyes towards the cieling: ‘Oh! Mr.....’ re-echoed the fascinating Miss G....., and both burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, while I, as you might expect, stood thunderstruck, not knowing which way to turn.

At length I was relieved by the rest of the company going on with the play, and was then resolved not to speak another word during the evening, except it were merely to answer a question.

But, Mr Slender, had it not been for the young lady’s repeating my words, I should, perhaps, have remained ignorant of the blunder; but that led me to suppose that there must be something horrible in the word *knees*, and resolved to ask some of my female relations for an explanation. The *party*, however, kept it up so late, that the family had all gone to bed—*Bed!* another blunder, Mr Slender: the ladies say that there are no such things as beds now-a-days, so that I must say they were *retired for the evening*, and I was obliged to remain in ignorance till next morning.

Well, upon inquiry in the morning, a lady told me, that knees, feet, &c. were entirely out of fashion, and modern belles had nothing in their place but ancles. Now, in my opinion, knees is just as polite a word as ancles, and I see no reason why it should grate so harshly on a delicate ear;* however, as my organs may not be so sen-

sible as those of the fair sex, I hope some of your female correspondents will satisfy my doubts.

If you will be so kind, as to ask some of the ladies who write for your miscellany, to make out a catalogue of the parts of the human machine, which a person may mention without being laughed at, and publish it in your paper once a quarter, it will assist many young gentlemen on their first entrance into female society, and oblige your obedient servant,

JACOBUS.

For the following song we are indebted to the *BALANCE*. The Editor of that excellent paper, observes ‘that it was first published in the *New York Daily Advertiser*, said to be for the first time in this country.’ We do not believe it to be generally known in this city.

SONG.

By T. Campbell, Esq. author of the *Pleasures of Hope*.

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To watch another foe.
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from the wave ;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And the ocean was their grave !
Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fought.
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As you sweep through the deep, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No tow’rs along the steep ;
Her march is o’er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep :
With thunder from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore, &c.

The meteor flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till danger’s troubled night depart,
And the star of Peace return ;
Then—then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the tempests cease to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the tempests cease to blow.

novel, which the young ladies highly applaud, makes use of the following sentence—“Delamere sunk down, and embraced Emily’s knees.” Were such a sentence, in the present day, made use in a company of females, and if water were not at hand, to be applied immediately, the consequences would be terrible.

* Mrs Charlotte Smith, in ‘Emily, or the Orphan of the Castle,’ a

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Extract from the Address prepared to be spoken at the Theatre
Charleston, at the benefit of the Orphan Children of the late Mr.
HODGKINSON—Written by the Editor of the Charleston Courier.

Can you forget him?—ah!—I'm sure *none* can
The various gifts and talents of that man,
Lord of each breast, he bid, alternate, rise
Love, terror, grief, mirth, laughter, and surprise.
Another Proteus—now with comic lore,
He forc'd all you* to smile—and you† to roar;
With pointed jest, made each spectator hear,
And drink his own rebuke with eager ear.
When wild DE MOOR with horrid passion burns,
A slave to virtue and to vice by turns,
Who but has felt compassion, grief, and fright,
A pleasing horror, and a stern delight?
In OSMOND, who but trembled at his tone,
And felt and sigh'd for sorrows not his own?
Now does his awful eloquence controul
The House, and hushes each tumultuous soul;
And now, in RUTTERKIN, with laughter loud,
To mirth he maddens the obstreperous crowd;
Thro' each look, action, tone, his magic breaks,
His brow, his hand, his every gesture speaks—
But ah! how chang'd!—that voice is silent now!
And cold that hand, and clay'd that manly brow!
Indeed, I feel I am no Actress now!—
The storm has blown, and, with one fatal gust,
That lordly tree's laid prostrate in the dust.
Two scions yet, of it, remain to share
Your genial hand and cultivating care.
Wipe off their tears—Oh, stop their rising sighs,
Flush their wan cheeks, and light their faded eyes.
Ye Matrons, shall they moan, and not affect your ears,
Shall those babes weep, and you restrain your tears?
And ye, chaste maids, who, ripening, hope to prove
Those pure delights, which mother's bosoms move;
Let your soft nature with compassion melt,
And throb for sorrows which you've never felt.
So will kind Heaven on scenes, like this, look down,
And with its brightest meeds your virtues crown.
Oh, bright reward!—with Heaven itself to share,
Adopt its children, and divide its care.

* To the Boxes.

† To the Gallery.

The Theatres of Charleston, New-York, and Boston, have each given a benefit to the Orphan Children of the AMERICAN Roscius, and I hope that the managers of our Theatre will not be unmindful of the bright example of their brethren.

[Edit. Rep.]

THE MINIATURE.

Hast thou not seen in morning's orient eye,
Some azure gleam mark when the sun was nigh,
And as its fleeting form would steal away,
Found on thy memory its idea astray?
Alike on this fair miniature I trace,
The absent charms of lovely Delia's face.
Hast thou not seen the evening star, at night,
Dart through the gloom a ray of transient light;
Oft cheers the peasant's solitary way,
With hopes, fond prospect, of a cheerful day?
Alike on this fair miniature I trace
'Midst hopes and fears my lovely Delia's face.

SONG.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. the translator of ANACREON.

Dear! in pity do not speak,
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall:
Yes, yes, my soul, I see
You love, you live for only me!
Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me, kiss me, while I die,
And, Oh! I live again!
Still, my love, with looking kill,
And, oh! revive with kisses still!

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

The considerable instruction derived by young writers from candid, impartial, and judicious observations on their maiden productions is not more universally than properly acknowledged; but while we admit this essential advantage, let us assiduously endeavour to check the impetuous torrent of overflowing spleen and prejudice, speciously invested with the sacred habiliments of criticism, and which have heretofore greatly depreciated the value of periodical publications. The greater portion of critics, or those who are desirous to possess, and do *assume* the appellation, are mostly, if not always, desperate literati, who, having been disappointed in their ambitious literary expectations, and soured in their tempers by the overthrow of their extravagant hopes, are deprived of that delicate taste, which their embicility cannot relish, and are mortified in viewing the sprouts of genius, so eminently characteristic of many youthful effusions. They contemn what they cannot appreciate according to its merits, and applaud what surpasses their talents of ridicule. Those who would compel us to the belief, that the spring-time of life in authors should be distinguished by vigor and accuracy of diction, elegance of language, and purity of stile, must most assuredly have drank deeply of the waters of oblivion, to forget that they once were young and volatile, assisting in the sprightly exertions of their contemporaries, and attempting to evince by their fruits, that they could not, with propriety, be classed among the number of idlers, who trifle away their time in the haunts of dissipation. Very often, instead of commanding our praise-worthy, though perhaps fruitless, at-

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tempts at becoming moralists, they magisterially inform us, that they do not argue in this manner; thus debarring us from the acquisition of that end to which our minds all concentrate, Happiness.

We do not question but that they may possess talents in an eminent degree, understandings the most comprehensive, and judgment the most liberal; but I fairly contravene the position of their being susceptible of the refined, new and fascinating taste maintained by the generality of writers, from whose heads the idea of converting themselves into professors of sublunary omniscience is very remote; for, as I have before asserted, they have become callous to this amiable refinement, and the only resource reserved for them is an application to Criticism, as the following couplet of Pope fully indicates,

Some have for wits, then poets past,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

Juvenile essayists are generally induced to deliver their thoughts and opinions to the world, by the effects of the influence of fame on their glowing understanding; and that this desire of acquiring anonymous reputation is extremely laudable, no person will deny; because he will immediately foresee the salutary consequences resulting from a careful nourishment of original genius and invention, by being conscious that through their superfluity of reasoning, they are incapable of introducing into existence opinions which might have a tendency to promote sophistry and infidelity.

But I conceive that there are too many of these aspiring sons of judgment, denominated Critics, to effect any advantages of importance; and if we permit them to roll in their tottering and gilded chariots of literature, without some obstruction, the consequence will be the suppression of the fanciful flights of ingenuity, and a total destruction to many favoured children of nature, who, finding their exertions treated with haughtiness and contumely, will seize the entizing yet fragile alternative of debauchery and corruption, and thus plunge themselves into irremediable ruin. I sincerely hope that the pages of the Repository, & Ladies' Weekly Museum may not be crowded with these obstacles to the youthful mind, and that our formidable superiors be restrained in their lucubrations, and their number proportionate to the authors.

A YOUNG AUTHOR.

A poor woman, who, during the late epidemic, supported herself and family, by selling hot coffee, at the New Market, had her Coffee-Kettle one morning overturned, and all her Coffee spilt, by the carelessness of a sailor boy who was passing by. While she was lamenting the loss, and the consequences to her poor family, who owed their sustenance altogether to the proceeds daily received from the sale of her Coffee, the Captain of the boy happened to come along. She called to him, and requested some little compensation for the injury done her by his boy, which the Captain seemed rather to decline, not yet having understood the case in all its circumstances. A person standing at a small distance, observed to the capt. that he thought he ought to pay the woman for her coffee, that she was poor, and upon it depended the support

of herself and family. The captain viewing the stranger as a person interfering in an affair that did not concern him, asked in a tone somewhat elevated, how much *he* would give towards the support woman? He answered, 'As much as you will, sir.' 'Here is ten dollars then,' says captain S.—'Here is as much,' replied the stranger. 'Here is ten more,' says the captain—'Here is as much,' answered the other. Captain S. then paid her one dollar in the first place for her Coffee, which was a little more than her charge, and having thrown something into her lap, departed.

But guess the poor woman's astonishment, to find *forty-one dollars* in her lap! At first she was rather doubtful of the reality of what she saw, but with some considerable persuasion, she put up the money, wiped away her tears—took up her kettle, and went home with a lighter step than she had ever trod before.

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—
[A gentleman has requested me to republish the following most delectable song. I comply the more readily, because the reader will find it very convenient and quite harmless, and, what is still more in its favour,—'No rubs to stagger, and no sense to poze.'

SONG.

Ah! tell me, ye swains, have you seen my Pastora?
O say have you met the sweet nymph on your way?
Transcendant as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,
From Neptune's bed rising to hail the new day:
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have sought her,
The fairest, the rarest, forever my theme;
A goddess in form, though a cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.
Though lordlings so gay, and young 'squires have sought her,
To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain;
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter
Convinc'd them their offers and nattery were vain;
When first I beheld her I fondly besought her,
My heart did her homage, and love was my theme,
She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.
Then why thus alone does she leave me to languish,
Pastora to splendor could ne'er yield her hand
Ah, no, she returns to heal my sad anguish,
O'er her heart truth and love retain the command;
The wealth of Golconda could never have bought her,
For love, truth, and constancy still is my theme,
Then give me, kind heaven, the cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

A friend of mine thinks it would be a great improvement of this charming song, if the following couplet were added to the last stanza.

"Black puddings! black puddings!....two for a penny,
My doxey was hang'd for stealing too many."

—
Two Welchmen at an inn had a dozen of eggs for breakfast, and after they had paid their reckoning, and gone a mile out of town, one said to the other, he was glad he was there, for hur did sheet her landlord this morning; for in hur six eggs, which hur had, hur had two chickens, but hur paid never a varding for 'em.

—
The frenzy of the 'Censor,' (*What's his name?*) we understand was partly occasioned by disappointment—he solicited the printing for the *Theatre*, and was refused, hence his vulgar abuse of the principal performers.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr SLENDER,

As the Theatre is within the bounds of your jurisdiction, I beg leave to state to your worship one of the many ills, to which we are frequently subjected, during the evenings we spend at the Theatre. You must know, sir, that I am in the habit of going to the play regularly every evening, and with my family usually occupy one or other of the Stage-Boxes; but we are frequently annoyed during the performance, by the impertinence of some of the actors, who very often take the liberty of lolling near the box, and stare at every body in it, then turn to the Pit or Gallery, shrug up their shoulders, take another *peep* at the box, and strut off, and to appearance enjoying the confusion and the distress which their impertinence creates among us; there is one man, in particular, who makes it a constant practice to square up to us, and to regale us with the sight of his *grinders*, which I can assure your honour are none of the *smallest*.

You, Mr Slender, have no doubt observed these things, and we entreat you to take some measures to protect us, and save us from the impertinence of the player.

Your worship's humble servant,

Stage Box.

M. N.

I have, indeed, long and silently observed the conduct of which my correspondent so justly complains, and I fondly expected, from the many hints they have received in the public prints, that our players would long since have reformed their manners. But as gentle hints avail nought, and as the complaints of the Ladies are becoming louder and louder, rougher means must be resorted to, in order, if indeed it be possible, to put a stop to such indecent and impertinent conduct:

Therefore—I, SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQUIRE, being duly invested with censorial authority, hereby authorise and command all persons frequenting the theatre, and particularly those who occupy the stage boxes, to provide themselves with *small bits* of cane, and if any actor or actors, shall, in defiance of the laws in that case made and provided, approach within reach of a cane, I empower those occupying the aforesaid boxes, to employ the said weapons to the best advantage. And if any actor or actors, hereafter, attempt to review the audience, or steal glances at the Gallery, I give full power and authority to all and every person in the Theatre to salute them with rotten eggs, apples, oranges, &c. &c.

And if a *lady* shall attempt, at any time after the promulgation of this decree, to ogle, or impertinently gape at the audience, every such offender shall be taken from the boards, and compelled to look at the *face* of mine host of the *Pennsylvania Arms* for the space of five minutes, and no longer.

Monday Evening, December 23.

The representation of the 'Grecian Daughter,' this evening, was attended by a crowded audience. The repeated performance of this tragedy, since its production, induces us to suppose it of sterling value; for to comment on its stile, sentiment, and language, would be, per-

haps, but re-echoing the observations of a predecessor, who, if yet living, cannot but avoid smiling at seeing his own composition revived, as the *original effusions* of an American genius. We, therefore, more, properly, will confine ourselves to the performance *only*.

Those, who have never seen Mrs Siddons, in the character of Euphrasia, cannot avoid being gratified at Mrs WIGNELL's personating it; the energy, which several of the sentences were delivered with, merit the highest encomiums. To require perfections in all characters, (on American boards,) would be, justly, deemed reprehensible. We are inclined to think, that *all*, following the profession, naturally aim at excelling, though their endeavours for its acquisition turn out, not seldom, very delusive, but also engages them in several remidless errors. This often happens by reason of a superficial fund of judgment in the actor, which suffers itself to be imposed upon by a phantom of perfection only; and from this cause so many ill effects have been derived—swellings of stile, insipid delivery, with a multitude of other corruptions and oddities. The *medium* in which nature is situated, cannot be too closely observed—'Adhere to one extreme, and ridicule follows—embrace the other, we grasp at clouds—but when the intermediate space is viewed, we find proportionable beauty, with justness and elegance.' The truth of this observation we plainly perceived in the performance of Mr M'Kenzie's *Dyonisius*. We there viewed a correctness of judgment, and ease of expression, rarely met with on our stage; the ear was not offended by the loud and frequent rant, nor the voice sunk so low as to render it not audible. The remaining characters were little calculated to call forth the 'exertion of power.' Mr Warren, as *Evander*, did not appear so feeble and emaciated as we should suppose a man was, who had existed three days without sustenance.

The after piece, the *Hunter of the Alps*, contains little or no sentiment; the plot is trifling, the music only tolerable, and, as usual with new plays, one half of the songs curtailed.

January 1.

The *SCHOOL OF REFORM* was repeated on Monday evening last. This comedy may be justly placed among Morton's best productions. It contains many pious and virtuous sentiments. In the character of *Tyke* is fully shewn the progressive steps to infamy and vice, by deviating from the path of rectitude and honest industry, and exemplifies the depraved picture of an abandoned outcast and robber. This character is strongly marked, and difficult to represent, natural as it is intended to be. Upon a repetition of the performance, we conclude, that it is almost impossible to be better represented, than Mr Jefferson has done it. The conflict of an upbraiding conscience, and numerous assailing passions, at intervals, were admirably pourtrayed; and Mr Jefferson appears to have minutely studied this character, by the judgment he expressed in the performance of it. In recording the death of his father, we did not see the *risible faculties* of the audience excited, (as it is said to be,) but on the

THE REPOSITORY, AND LADIES' WEEKLY MUSEUM.

contrary, the burst of applause, and the tear of sympathy, testified the impression the recital had occasioned.

Mr M'Kenzie, in Lord Avondale, was not so correct as on the first night's representation.

When nature is in perfection copied, we scrutinize, in vain, for faults—We allude to Mr Warren's General Tarragon.

Mr Woon's *Ferment* was played well. If he adheres to his line of *gentlel comedy*, he is inimitable here, but when he attempts tragedy, '*Infera monstra flagellant.*'

The ROMP then walked the floor with great eclat. The playful pranks of Miss Tomboy were mischievously performed by Mrs WOODHAM. The character of young Cockney is an admirable satire upon our modern beaux in point of dress, and on mechanical gallants in point of conduct.

January 2.

Last evening the Theatre was crowded at an early hour, to witness the representation of the *Wife of two Husbands*. This drama, the original efforts of a French dramatic writer, was mutilated, in order to suit its performance on English boards, by James Cobb, and has since been adapted for American representation by Dunlap. It contains many interesting passages, which were performed with spirit and animation. Mrs Wignell's Countess Belfior was chaste and elegantly represented. Mr M'Kenzie did ample justice to Fritz, a little erroneous pronunciation only excepted. Mrs Wood's Theodore was well conceived. We observe, with regret, that she is not capable of suiting her countenance to the different passions; a smile always plays on her lips in the most affecting scenes.

The drama was succeeded by the Pantomime, founded on the fairy tale of *Cinderella, or the little Glass Slipper*. It consisted of the most brilliant display of scenery and dresses ever witnessed here. Messrs. Francis and Jefferson are admirable in their different characters, and also Mrs Woodham in Cinderella—the whole audience were inclined to admire in her one of the most graceful figures on our stage. The scenery, decorations and dresses, surpass all description.

P.

Owing to the Editor's indisposition, the publication of the Repository, was unavoidably, and much against our inclination as well as interest, suspended for Saturday last.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Melange,' &c shall adorn our next number. The author has no occasion to dread the fate of D'Aubigne. Mr Slender would be happy to have a few minutes conversation with his correspondent, and for that purpose, will remain at the office to-morrow from 1 till 2 o'clock. He may rest assured, that this request is not prompted by an idle curiosity.

To 'B,' we are obliged for his punctuality, and hope that he will not soon become weary of the task he has undertaken.

Crito's remarks on Mrs Cunningham's performance of Lueretia M'Tab should have had a place, if they had been received in time. But I hope he will, notwithstanding this, favour me occasionally with his correspondence.

* R, lacks Common sense.

That our country friends may not have cause to complain of inattention to their letters, we think proper to state, that, from this date, no letters will be accepted, unless the postage is paid.

I understand that Monsieur D'Aubigne is writing an ~~MEMOIRE~~ Poem—called 'The Triumph of Sentiment!' and says that he will find occasion to introduce Mr Slender, and repay him in his own coin.

" Well, D'Aubigne, since thou wilt expose Thyself in verse, as well as prose,
And tease thy friends, as well as foes;
Be patient, my advice to hear,
And learn to rave within thy proper sphere;
Treat not of subjects so sublime,
In gingling, empty, doggrel rhyme;
But hit thy Genius, suit thy Muse,
And ballad-swelling matter chuse:
Chuse something whimsical and tender,
But spare, be sure, the works of master Slender."

The Subscribers to this paper are respectfully notified, that their first payment of 25 cents will be collected by the Carrier on Saturday next.

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Dec. 14, 1805.

J. RIDDLE.

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